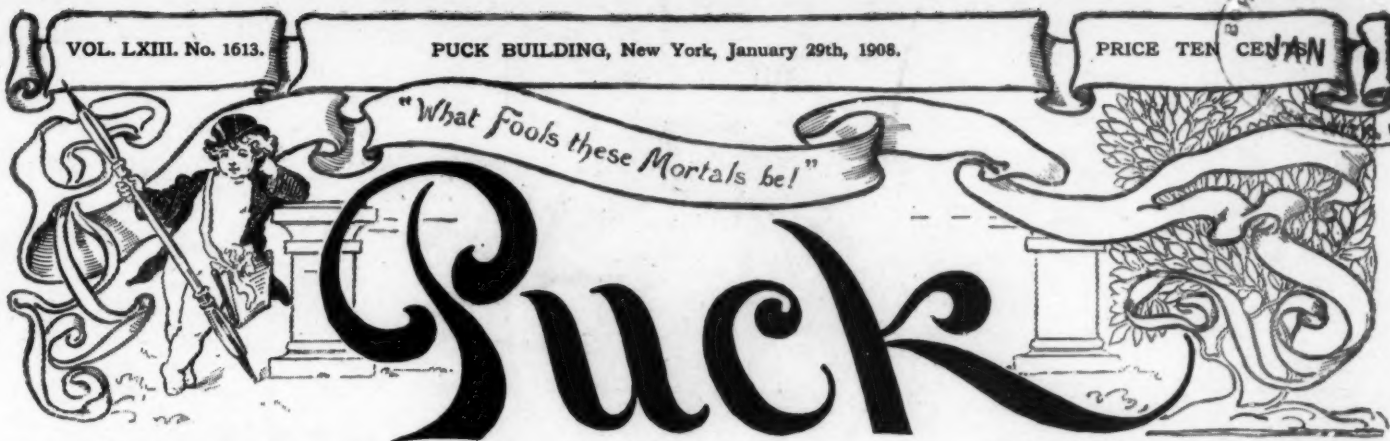


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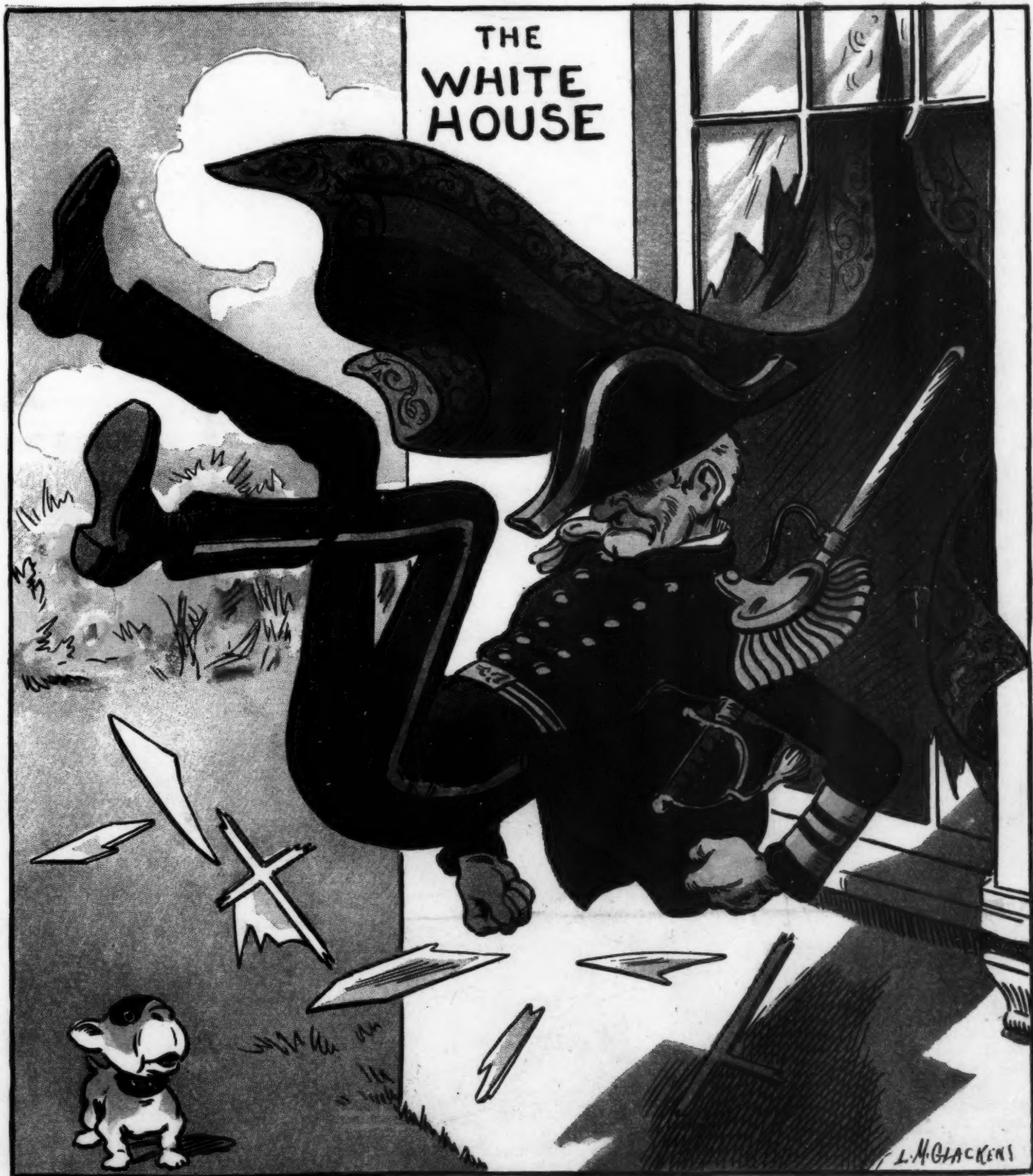
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1908



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"DON'T FLINCH, DON'T FOUL, HIT THE LINE HARD!"



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

JOHN R. WALSH of Chicago, caught with the goods and found guilty by a jury, has appealed to the higher courts, on the ground, presumably, that his going to jail would "hurt business" or "destroy confidence." Mr. Walsh's chief regret must be that his operations were not conducted in the state of California.

MR. WILLIS J. ABBOT, referred to as Mr. Bryan's publicity agent, will be remembered as Mr. Bryan's Secretary of State during the Nebraskan's first presidential term. As Secretary of State for Mr. Bryan, Mr. Abbot grasped our international relations with a firm hand, and it was only through his patience and diplomatic skill that a disastrous war with Abyssinia was narrowly averted.

AGAIN we remind the Hon. Thomas Jefferson of his plain duty. As fast as time can bring it a presidential campaign is nearing us. Few and straggling at first, like the advance flakes of a blizzard, references to Jefferson by Democratic speakers will multiply rapidly till the air is filled with them. Mr. Bryan will speak of Jefferson. So will Mr. Cleveland. And there will be others. Conservatives will reproach radicals—and quote Jefferson. Radicals will roast conservatives—and quote Jefferson. Mr. Jefferson's course is therefore clear. He owes it to his party to remain silent no longer. Before the campaign opens wider, he should state distinctly what he is—a radical Democrat or a conservative Democrat; tell us who is right about him, Mr. Bryan or Mr. Cleveland. If Mr. Jefferson has the welfare of his party at heart, he will make a public example of the first man caught misquoting him. Even the words "deliberate and unqualified" would not be too strong to apply. Virginia papers please copy.

REGINALD C. VANDERBILT and his chauffeur, against whom charges were made last summer of violating the speed law of Middletown, have been cleared. The cases have been dropped, the town assuming the costs in each case.—*News Item.*

Next time Middletown may not get off so easy.

A MAJOR in the Coast Artillery Corps has been charged with conduct unbecoming an officer (and presumably a gentleman) in that he had violated a temperance pledge which he had signed. If it were generally insisted on, everywhere, that drunkenness is conduct unbecoming a gentleman there would be vastly less of it, and the difference between a longshoreman and a gentleman would not be wholly a difference of apparel.

THE COMMON good certainly demands that a direct and swift road to the penitentiary be provided for men who secure control of a corporation to manipulate or speculate with its trust funds in order to fill their own pockets or use such trust funds to assist them in unloading on such corporation undesirable or valueless securities in which they are personally interested.—*Insurance Commissioner Rittenhouse.*

This is really very radical, not to say anarchistic, in tone. We had supposed that in cases like the above "the common good" demanded a suppression of the facts and "conservative measures" generally, on the ground that any airing of the details, any pernicious muck-raking, would tend to impair confidence and perhaps bring on a panic. Mr. Rittenhouse is the Insurance Commissioner of Colorado, and as such he should have too much regard for the future of "the widows and orphans" to make such disturbing statements.

PROVIDENCE has surely tempered the present winter to the shorn lamb. His coal bill up to February has been the lightest for many years.

MR. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF is not afraid of the Vice-Presidency. He has nothing to lose.



THE ABSENTMINDED SCULPTOR.

PUCK

CREDIT CURRENCY.

IN reply to a great many questions as to what is meant by a credit currency, it may be said that it is a proposal to give the bankers the right to issue currency, first, on the basis of the amount of real money in hand. When that runs out, to issue currency on the basis of all other assets, good, bad and indifferent. When that runs out, to issue currency on the basis of everything they owe, whether they ever expect to pay it or not. When that runs out, to issue currency on the basis of their cheek. When that runs out, to issue it on their face. When that runs out, to issue it on their nerve, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The only limit is what the traffic will bear and the experience of the past has shown that the traffic is very forbearing.

THOSE EARLY MARRIAGES.

BUT SHE clung to him and trembled. "Darling!" he whispered. "What fearest thou? Are we not wedded, no more to part?"

She gazed up at him terrifiedly. "Ay, wedded, and at page 87!" she cried. "I know something is going to happen!"

Nor was her dread wholly unreasonable, considering that a novel had to have at least 400 pages, with two thrills per page, in order to get into the \$1.50 class.

STUMPED.

"WELL," said the Devil, "I will let you off if you can think up three tasks which I can't accomplish."

"All right," we observed, "bring us the Great American Novel, an interesting vaudeville show and a fountain pen that won't leak."

The Old Boy shrieked terribly but there was nothing for him but to acknowledge gracefully that he was beaten.



SOUNDED LIKE THAT.

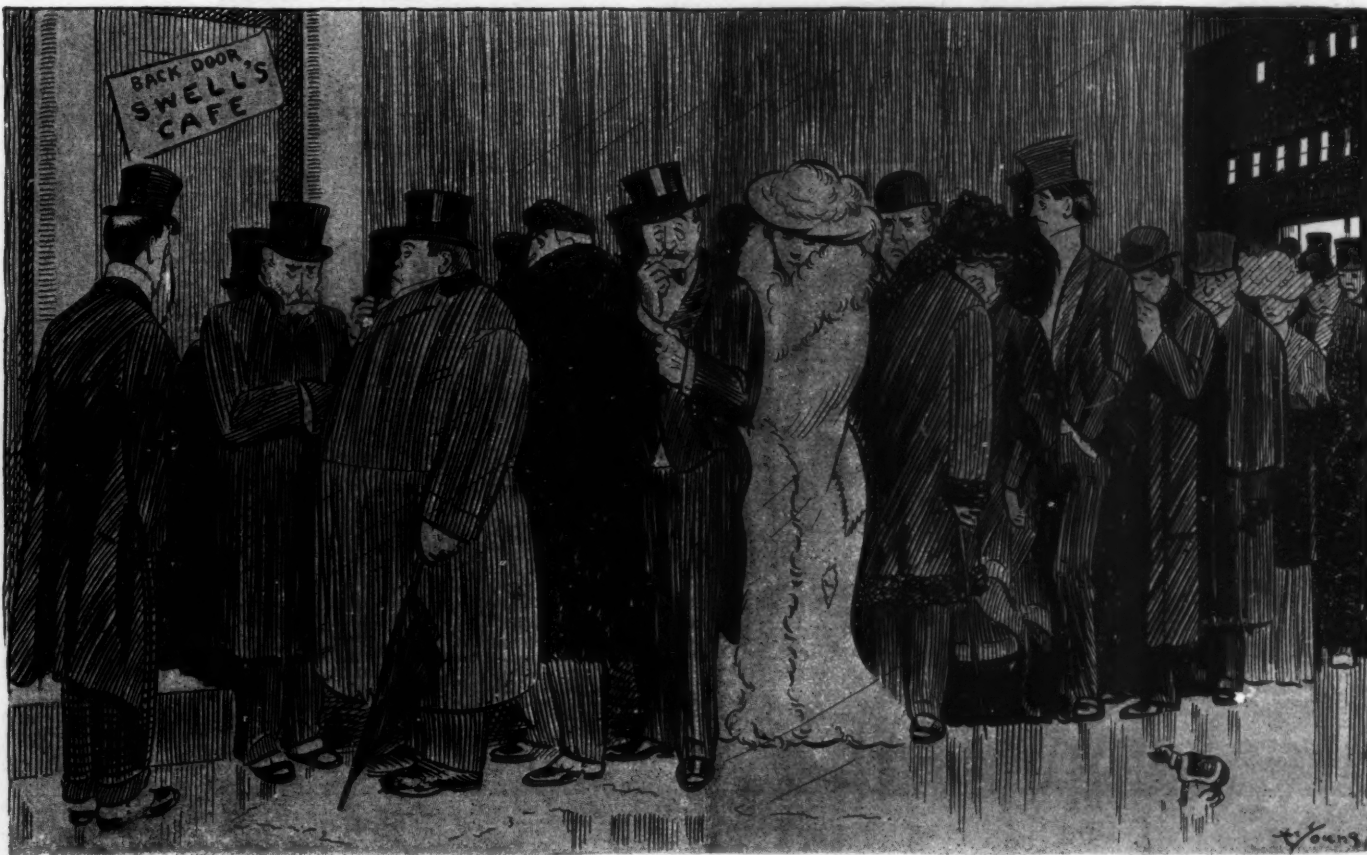
THE SERGEANT (*in the discharge of his duty*).—What's yer name?

THE PRISONER.—Alexandrovitchowskicz—

THE SERGEANT.—I axed yer NAME—I don't give a domb what yer cable address is!



IN BOSTON.



HARD TIMES.
THE TERRAPIN LINE.

PUCK

THE NARGILEH.

(A Near-Tragedy, in Three Acts.)

I.

(MR. NILES AND THE NARGILEH.)



NILES.—There's something wrong with this blamed thing. It draws like the chimney of a \$500 cottage. I'll just call up those Indians I bought it of, and see if they expect every purchaser to have a plumber's license. Maybe they'll send a man up to overhaul it—or, bring around a book of instructions.

II.

(MR. NILES, THE TELEPHONE, CENTRAL AND POPULACE.)

NILES.—Hello! Hello! Hell—Oh! Central, give me Effendi & Company.

CENTRAL.—The name again, please.

NILES (*deliberately*).—Eff-en-di and Company.

CENTRAL.—There's no firm with those initials got this 'phone.

NILES.—I didn't give you the initials, I—

CENTRAL.—Oh, were you trying to spell it? 'Spell it again, please.

NILES (*desperately*).—Look here! Let me try to make you understand. My water-pipe's stopped up, and—

CENTRAL.—Oh, I know who you want. Wait a minute, please.

THE TELEPHONE.—Bz-z-z-z-z!

TAPPIT & CHARGE'S CLERK.—Hello! Niles? Oh, yes. Are we who? Didn't quite catch that, but I guess you've got the right place. . . . I see. We'll send a man up, right away. Where is it—in the bath-room? On the library floor? Then you must mean a leak, instead of—He's rung off. Well, I'll send a man up, anyhow.

CENTRAL (*with lively interest*).—Did you get them?

NILES.—I got somebody. Central, let me explain. I bought a hookah—a chibouque—

CENTRAL.—Oh, I know who you want, now. Wait a minute, please. I'll get them for you in a second.

THE TELEPHONE.—Bz-z-z!

NILES.—Hello!

Hel—Who is that? T. J. Niles.

Who? Well, never mind. Say! That water-pipe is behaving badly, and—

No, there's no paper damaged on any room.

How should there be? I don't smoke that strenuously.

How's that? No.

No, I tell you! . . .

Oh, you're the Corner Book Store? . . . Well,

send a man up then, if you will have it that way. . .

Central! (How on earth am I going to make that girl comprehend?)

Central! (Now, if it was a cigarette! Let me see—I'll hand her the other name; she can't evolve a bookstore out of that, anyhow.)

Central! . . .

Oh! Hello! I've been calling you for the last five minutes.

CENTRAL (*with gentle reproof*).—You had your receiver down.



TOO INDEFINITE.

PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE (*after registering*).—Second floor suite for self and wife.

CLERK (*scanning entry*).—Pittsburgh? Whose wife, sir?

NILES.—Is that so? Come to think of it, I believe I was trying to put it in my mouth. You see, I got so used to this thing! . . .

Now, listen! I have a nargileh. I bought it of—

CENTRAL.—Oh, I know who you want now. Wait a minute, please.

THE TELEPHONE.—Bz-z-z!

NILES.—This is Tilden J. Niles.

I don't care who you are. Central says you are the people, and Central knows—Oh, yes, Central knows. I—

See here. That nargileh I got from you is all out of whack. . . . What?

You don't know the brand, but can tune anything, from a jewsharp, up?

Good heavens, man, it isn't a piano! . . . You will send a man up?

Oh, all right, send him—send him, by all means!

The more the merrier! . . . Hello!

Who's that butting in? Of course I want you. I'm going to hold a levee here, at six, this evening. Tell me—how do you clean



A WORTHY AMBITION.

COMMON THIEF.—How long yer in fer, Pard?

ORDINARY BURGLAR.—Ten years.

COMMON THIEF.—Same here. Say—when I gets outer dis, I'm goin' ter be one o' dem high finance crooks wot dey don't send up fer fear of destroyin' confidence.



WHY OWN YOUR OWN HOME IN THE COUNTRY WHEN YOU CAN PAY RENT IN THE CITY?

a nargileh? A conundrum? No, it's a hubble-bubble. What's it look like? Like a pay-station graphophone. I ought to see a doctor? Oh, I'll see one, all right! The Poly-clinic is going to send a bronchitis specialist up to look at my tubes, as soon as Central can get time to attend to it. . . . Central!

CENTRAL (*serenely*).—Did you get them?

NILES (*wildly*).—Did I? Is there any of 'em I haven't got? Ring 'em again, please!

CENTRAL (*mildly remonstrative*).—If you would just tell me who you want—

NILES (*witheringly*).—I thought you knew! Give me Turkey-in-Europe—St. Louis—the city waterworks—a n y old place. I've got past the particular point. There's nothing exclusive about me. Give me the Werald office. Maybe they'll want to send a man up, to write up the reception. Give me—

THE TELEPHONE.—Bz-z-z-z-z!

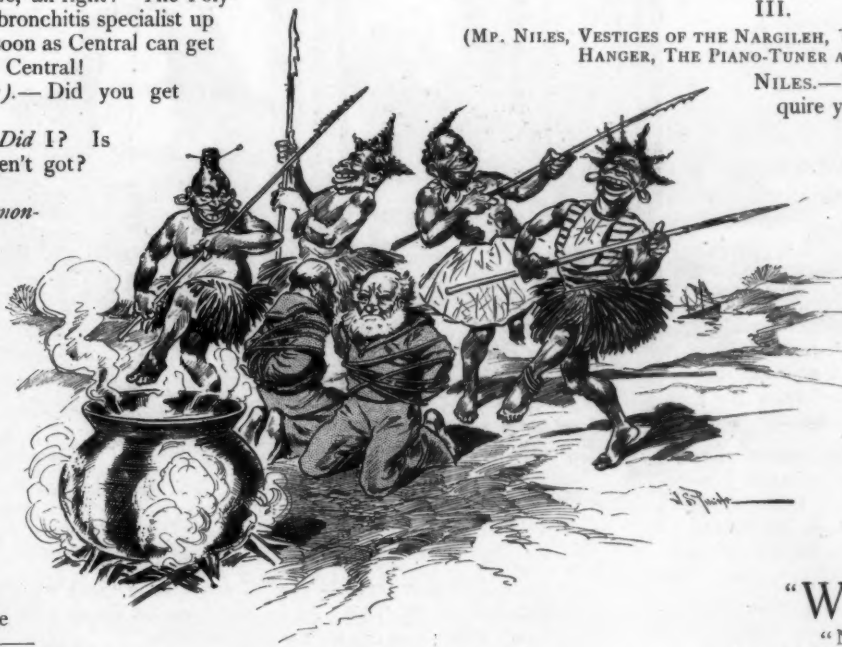
THE WERALD OFFICE-BOY.—W'at t' do fer a choked-up water-pipe? Pound it wit' a hammer.

III.

(MP. NILES, VESTIGES OF THE NARGILEH, THE PLUMBER, THE PAPER-HANGER, THE PIANO-TUNER AND CITIZENS.)

NILES.—My friends, I shall not require your services. I've fixed it.

F. P. Smart.



A DINNER DANCE.

CHOICE OF WEAPONS.

"LORD LACKADAY has killed himself by inhaling gas."

"Good heavens! What could have been his reason, pray?"

"The report is he left a note saying he couldn't possibly wait for his man to come and help him into his shooting-jacket."

MATCH PLAY.

"WHAT's bogie at your golf club?"

"Nineteen Scotch highballs and three gin rickys."

Perhaps it is fortunate that so few of us are embarrassed by having to make a choice between a good name and great riches.



AN ADJUSTABLE BALLADE.

[To exchange editors: Omit any four candidates.
Or, if you like, put in one of your own.]

FASTER and faster the moments fly;
Sifts the sand in the glass away;
Comes the day of the choosing nigh,
And nigher to-morrow than yesterday;
Slow and sure as a moving dray.
Time will wither the ripest bloom,
Hence we ask in a blank dismay,
What has become of the { Cortelyou
Culberson
Chanler
Hobson
Beveridge } boom?

Once it sounded to sea and sky;
Once its brasses would blare and bray;
Once the normal and naked eye
Saw it plain as a bale of hay;
Once it said: "I am here to stay;"
Once it thought it would hire a room;
Once it bet on itself, but pray,

What has become of the { Cortelyou
Culberson
Chanler
Hobson
Beveridge } boom?

Where are the flowers of last July?
Where are the vineyards of old Tokay?
Where is the wonderful Nelly Bly?
Where is the wonderful one hoss shay?
Where is the Pompadour, glad and gay?
Where, O tell us, is Homer's tomb?
Any who knows can surely say

What has become of the { Cortelyou
Culberson
Chanler
Hobson
Beveridge } boom?

L'ENVOI.

Prints all over the U. S. A.,
This campaignful ballade's for whom
You're opposing. Adjust the lay—

What has become of the { Cortelyou
Culberson
Chanler
Hobson
Beveridge } boom?

Franklin P. Adams.

TATTLETOWN TOPICS.

(Spicy Items from the Weekly Messenger.)

THE bird on Judy Young's hat fell off
in church last Sunday during prayer
and Bill Taylor's boy pushed it through
the register. The feathers burnt so strong
that church was let out for a spell.

Hiram Hazen went to Rocktown one
day last week to buy a new plough. He
says he lent his old one a year ago last
Fall, and he couldn't wait forever for it
to be returned.

Eben Burdock Wright, who of late has
been sawing wood at Deacon James Jew-
ett's, was detected in Deacon Jewett's cel-
lar by a member of the family during the
evening. Eben set against a cider barrel and
didn't appear to realize whose cellar it was.

Attorney Tal Maine has got two new dogs.
He says they are both fighters. He said that
about the World Beater Bud Jones' Bull Ter-
rier prepared for a funeral back along.

Eli Rider went to Rocktown last week. He returned looking
swell in a swell new suit. Eli dresses up evenings regular, now.
Wedding bells?

Mrs. Judge Young is a dreadful
handy woman at a Missionary
meeting. She spoke for an
hour and three-quarters at
the one Tuesday evening.

Capt. B. T. Loomis has
him a new hen house.
What with a new ice
house, a new hen house,
and his renovated carri-
age house, Capt's place is
looking fine. Hurrah for
Progress!

Our esteemed fellow-
townsman Jefferson D.
Dingle had his whiskers
measured last week. They
fill a peck measure.

There's altogether too
gay a gang at Root's store
nights. The parties re-
ferred to know what we
mean.

There was a somewhat veiled but insolent reference in that
alleged sheet, the Hecktown *Argus*, to the editor of this paper, last
week. The Hecktown *Argus* can go to Thunder. We don't veil.

Strange doings over to school committeeman Hibbard West's
last Thursday eve. It ain't known yet who stole the front door
whilst the family was eating supper.

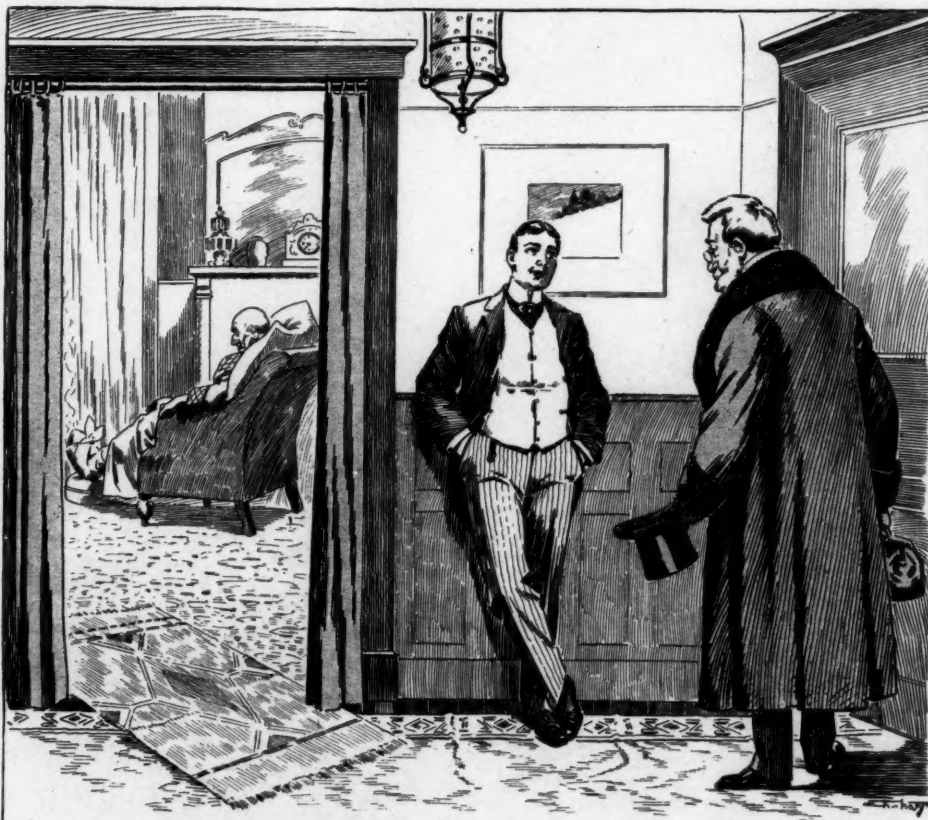
Fred Ladd.



Mr. Mike De Muth.

*At Home.
First Tuesdays.*

City Hall Park.



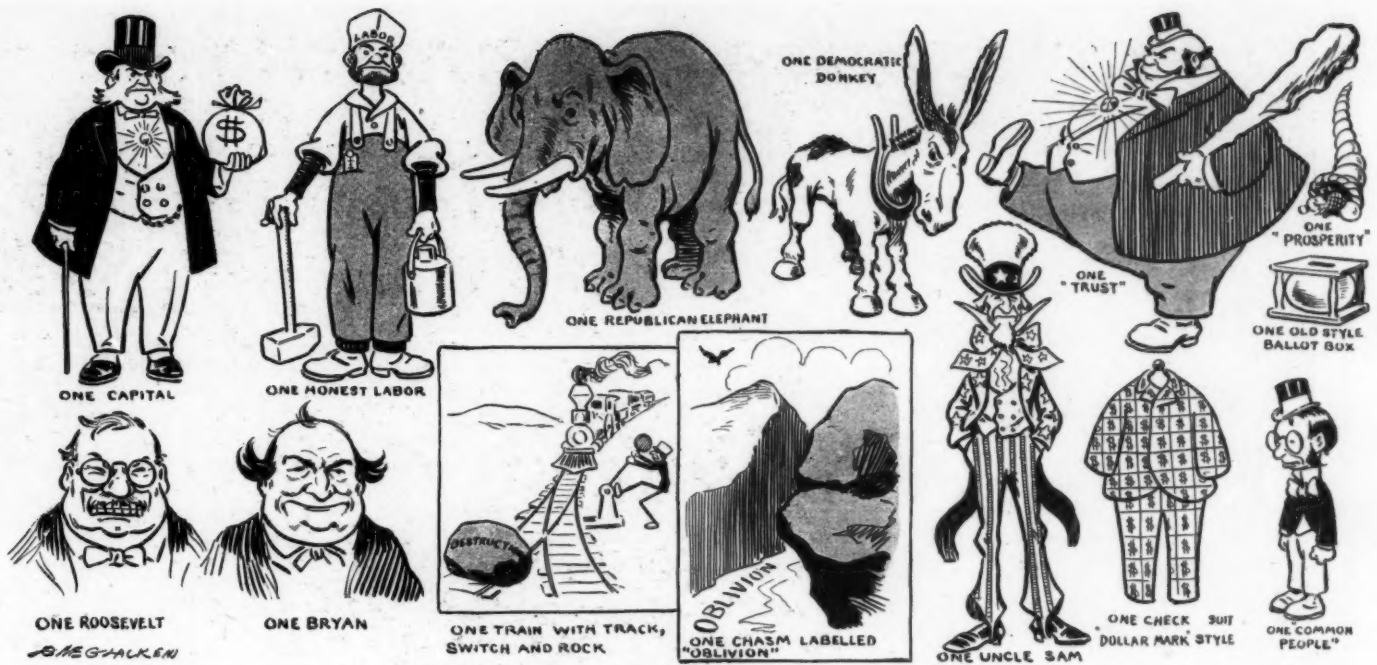
JUST THE THING.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—Now there is nothing wrong organically with your father.
He needs rest, that's all. As for occupation, let him do something which will neither
tax his mind nor carry with it any responsibility.

SON OF THE PATIENT.—I understand, Doc. I'll get him on the board of directors
of some trust company.

In connection with the general slowing up, it might be worth while to make
less history but a better quality.

PUCK



PUCK'S COMPLETE KIT FOR CARTOONISTS.

Sent postpaid on receipt of ten cents.

TETRAZZINI.



CRITICS find your upper E
Rather thin and heady,
And your shake, they all agree,
Isn't steady.

Your cantabile is cold;
Medium notes are pallid;
And your method, we are told,
Isn't valid.

Then again, your rising scale's
Tremulous and throaty;
Lower notes suggest the wails
Of coyote.

Critics say you are somewhat
Shy in cantilena,
And your faults of "placing" blot
Every scena.

In a word, your voice is styled
Wayward and uncertain;
Yet your audience goes wild
With the curtain.

Full of faults your earolling,
Say the critics spleeny.
But—ye gods! how you can sing—
Tetrazzini!

B. L. T.

DIFFERENCES.

THERE was enough of the man's estate to pay either the doctor or the undertaker, but not both, and they were wrangling for the preference, since they equally needed the money.

"He had to be dead before he could be buried," argued the doctor. "Priority is with me, both logically and chronologically."

But the undertaker appealed to larger social considerations.

"Society," he urged, "doesn't demand that a man die, but once he is dead it demands that he be buried. As a social necessity, I outrank you, and am entitled to my pay first."

"I am by no means sure of that," rejoined the doctor. "If nobody ever died, what would become of society, pray?"

The undertaker affected to stand aghast.

"Certainly you haven't the effrontery to claim that without doctors nobody would ever die!" he protested.

But the doctor was conceding nothing.

"The medical practitioner is virtually indispensable," he insisted.

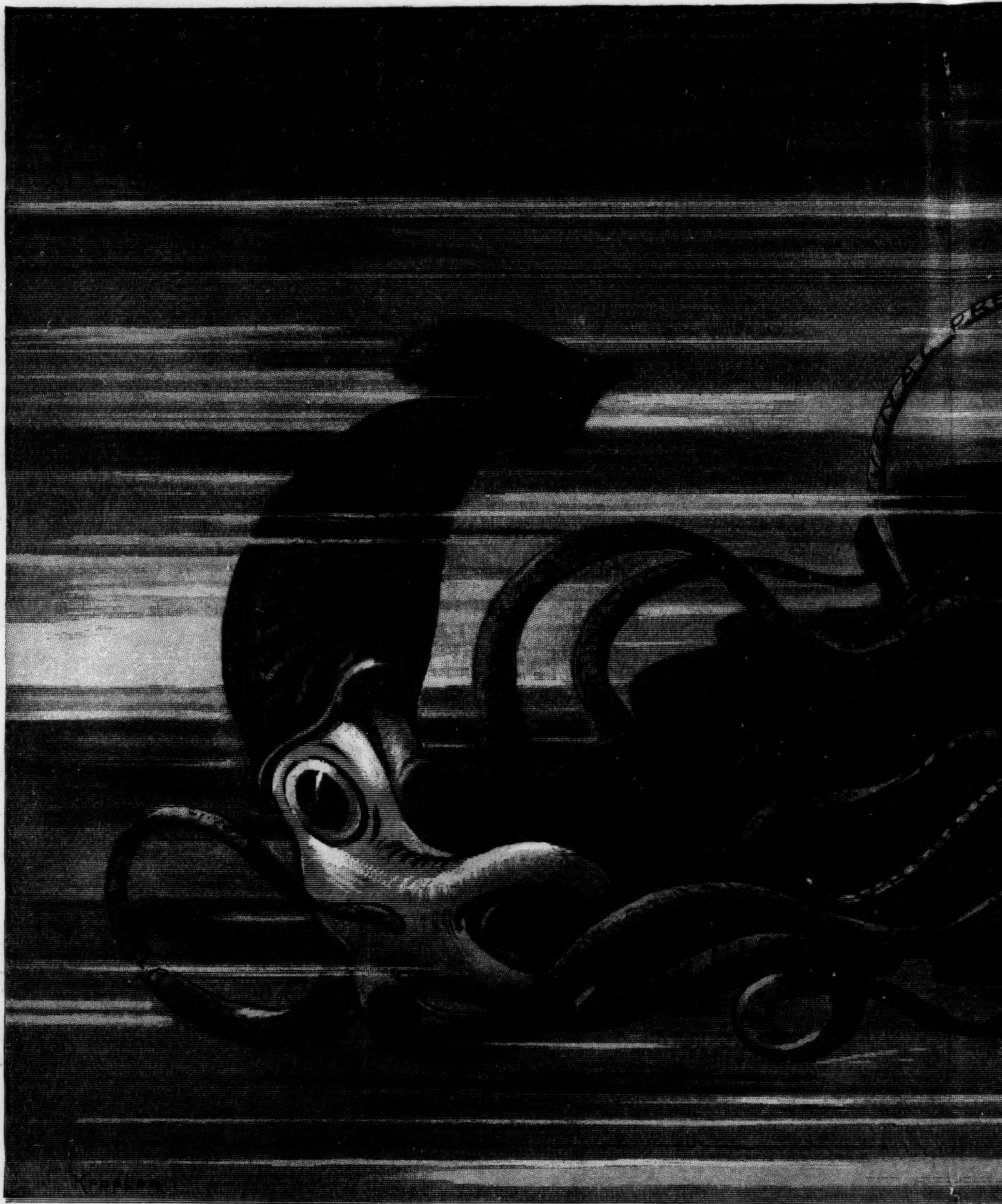
And so the dispute proceeded, quite interminably, as commonly happens where differences derive from selfish interest.

Ramsey Benson.



OUR "PUBLIC" PARK SYSTEM.

ZEALOUS COP (the day after the blizzard).—Hey youse! Keep off that grass! Can't yer read the sign?



THE PUCK PRESS

THE GIANT SQUID
WHEN ATTACKED, IT CLOUDS THE ISSUE

PUCK



GIANT SQUID AT BAY.
HIDES THE ISSUE BY DISCHARGING AN INKY FLUID.



ANCIENT GREEK FRIEZE.
SHOWING WHY THE VENUS OF MILO IS ARMLESS.

THE PRINCE AND THE POIPER.

A FAIRY TALE WITH TWO QUESTIONABLE MORALS.

SO long ago there was a Prince, a charitable and beneficent Prince, who went out to seek his fortune. He carried with him nothing except a complete edition, (four and three-fourths pounds in weight) of the *New York Sunday Whoop*, the gift of a thoughtful Fairy godmother. Now he had gone barely a quarter of a mile when he met a woman weeping by the roadside.

"What is the matter?" said the Prince.

"Alas!" said the woman, "we have moved out here in the country and I fear my artistic taste will soon degenerate into nothing."

"Do not bother about that," replied the Prince. "Keep looking at this little picture and I guarantee your artistic sense will remain at the boiling point." And with these kind words he thrust into her hands the day's colored art supplement entitled "Mother's Pet," and was rejoiced to see her hurry happily off.

He had gone barely a quarter of a mile farther when he met another woman weeping by the roadside.

"What is the matter?" said the Prince.

"Alas!" said the woman, "we have moved out here in the country and I fear my musical taste will soon degenerate into nothing."

"Do not bother about that," replied the Prince. "Take this little selection along home with you and I guarantee your musical taste will stay O.K." With these kind words he thrust into her hands the day's musical supplement entitled, "Will 'Oo Make Eyes Wiv 'Oor Tootsie, or Swinging Where the Honeysuckles Twine," and was rejoiced to see her hurry happily off.

He had barely gone a quarter of a mile farther when he met a third woman weeping by the roadside.

"What is the matter?" said the Prince.

"Alas!" said the woman, "we have moved out here in the country and everything is so tranquil I fear I shall lose my emotional depth."

"Do not let that bother you," replied the Prince. "Glance over this comic supplement and I guarantee your emotional depth will stay at the same old level." With these kind words he thrust into her hands the day's colored adventures of the Bajaja Kids in Bunk Land, and was rejoiced to see her pass into eight successive fits—each one worse than all the others.

We might go on and relate how he disposed of the Pink Sport-ing Sheet, and what he did to the Magazine Section but space forbids. It is enough to say that after traveling several miles the Prince found himself with but one hunk of the paper left. The right hand corner said this was the "News Section."

The front page was taken up by the words:

RAIS
eat cheese. "They
DEVOUR
much nutriment," says
WOMAN
scientist.

The inside pages were just as spicy. As the Prince looked up from his paper he saw a woman weeping.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Alas!" said the woman, "in about two minutes I am due to play strawberry shortcake to a large-sized dragon."

"Do not let that bother you," said the Prince, as the dragon's head appeared over the hedge. "No one will eat you while I am here," and with these kind words he stuffed the entire News Section down the monster's throat. Within seventeen seconds he began to turn yellow and shortly expired.

"And what next?" said the woman, in some perplexity, as she noticed the Prince take a lead pencil and pad of paper from his pocket.

"Why, the write-up is next of course," replied the Prince. And with these kind words he sat down and wrote the story which appeared in the Magazine Section of the *Sunday Whoop* under the caption: "SHE WAS RES-CUED BY ROYALTY FROM WRITH-ING REPTILE: A PRETTY ROMANCE OF THE PRESENT DAY WHICH BE-GAN IN A DRAGON'S DEN."

First Moral.—Buy the *Whoop*. Second Moral.—Give it away to somebody.

Horatio Winslow.



AND NOTHING MORE.

"I didn't quite catch your name," said the beautiful girl politely.

"My name?" replied the young man sadly.

"My name is HE. That and nothing more."

Whereupon the girl wept for her name, alas, was SHE. That and nothing more.

Then the awful truth dawned suddenly upon them. They were characters in a "He and She joke." That and nothing more.

MCMIX.



NE DAY along in '96
I saw the funny name — McMix.
I wondered who McMix might be —
An Irishman or Scotchman he.

My memory — was it playing tricks?
Perhaps I'd met this man McMix;
Yet did my recollection lack
That somewhat unfamiliar "Mack."

McCarty I have known for long,
McCabes, McFarlands in a throng;
McManuses — oh, five or six;
But where, now, did I meet McMix?

"You have not known him, have not met
McMix," a still small voice says, "yet;
But worry not — as old Time ticks
The years away you'll meet McMix.

"From out the vast will he appear
And spend with you a whole long year,
About one year from now. Just wait —
You'll meet McMix, which is a date:
MCMIX."

Robertus Love.

USUALLY.

BUSINESS MAN (*busy with correspondence*).—In that telegram of Beattie's, yesterday, he said, "letter following." I don't see the letter here.
STENOGRAPHER.—Why, don't you remember?—we received it the day before we got the telegram.

ON THE HIGH TRAP.

BROKER.—Are you going to try X. Y. & Z. again?
P. LUNGER (*who has dropped his margin three times in succession*).—Yep.
BROKER.—Well, if I were you, I'd try and arrange to do it over a net.

ONE DRAWBACK.


OLIVE.—What an improvement it will be if the time ever comes when everybody can get a seat in the street cars.
VIOLET.—Oh, I don't know. A girl would never be sure then that she was pretty.



CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.

Illustration from a De Luxe edition designed for the Newport, Tuxedo and Fifth Avenue Trade.

MUSIC in America owes its astonishing development to a number of circumstances, not least, perhaps, to that brood of reviewers who know how to split the ears of the groundlings. To baffle the understanding with mere nomenclature and by that to render art factitiously esoteric, is to enable a great variety of cheap substitutes for the divine fire to get into the game.



WHY IS

Miller

HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

shipped to the PHILIPPINES, EGYPT, INDIA
and the ends of civilization ?


BECAUSE HIGH LIFE satisfies the universal demand for a PERFECT BEER.

THE WORLD ASKS FOR IT. That's why we were compelled to increase our capacity to

One Million Barrels

HENRY C. BOTJER, Distributor
353 Broadway, Long Island City, New York

MILWAUKEE



**HIGH LIFE
BEER**

MILWAUKEE

THE VOYAGE OF "THE LAST HOPE."



AND IT HAD come to pass in the year nineteen hundred and which, that Brooklyn Rapid Transit facilities were become a crowning glory to the civic splendor of Long Island's proud metropolis. Tunnels almost jostled one another beneath the river, so closely side by side they ran; bridges everywhere spanned the busy stream. At times, it seemed that there were too many, and mariners complained bitterly because nearly all the light of heaven was shut off from them by bridges that ran in well nigh solid phalanxes from Manhattan to the sister borough.

It may be conceived most readily that so antiquated and slow a mode of transport from borough to borough as the ancient ferries, was quite fallen into disrepute. Long since these picturesque antiques was bound up a sore regret in the Life History of one John Bishop, an honest and oddly poetic old-time gentleman merchant, who for half a century had crossed the river by ferry, to and from business. His home was Brooklyn Heights, his business near Fulton Market; his soul, twice each day, was the soul of a fanciful dreamer who loved the clank of chains, the runout rattle of the pier fastenings, the lap of the waves, the sullen crests of restless waters, and the foamy wake of the sweep behind the ferry boat. Even fogs, he loved.

When bridges and tunnels ran over and under the river in ever increasing multiplicity, Mr. Bishop began to note that the merry crowds who once thronged the ferry boat Farragut, were no more. Time came, when, at the rush hour, four persons was considered a goodly passenger list. Trucks and automobiles there were none at all. The passengers roamed foolishly about on the deserted craft, and started, affrighted, as one starts in deep, silent woods, if, perchance, one comes upon a human.

At last, had come that day which seared itself into his memory, when he, John Bishop, was the only passenger. He looked up to the frowning expanse of countless bridges above him, and cursed.

John Bishop bought a ferry boat of his own. It was a fine, old, red one; its day it had borne millions from shore to shore. If it was old, it was honorable. What though its whistle had a wheeze like the gasping wail of an underground siren? What though its life preservers were like unto punk? What though its crew hobbled because of age, and the white whiskered coal passer some times went to sleep at his post? What, indeed? Was it not the last of a noble line?

John Bishop, his eyes still keen, his immaculate silk hat perched with a

defiant tilt upon his ancient head, his cane grasped bravely in his sinewy old hand, stood and challenged the universe, as, morning and evening, he made the trip in solitary state. His figure was as inspiring as the figure immortal in song of the boy who stood on the burning deck—"Whence all but he, had fled."

Mr. Bishop had named his ferry boat "The Last Hope." And a strange and goodly sight it was to the eye that saw its battered sides, and knew the pathos of its story. All day long, while John Bishop was at business in Manhattan, the gallant old craft lay out in mid stream, while the crew slept, or when Mr. Bishop had brought a case of refreshment aboard, drank to his health the livelong day. And so, an atmosphere grew to pertain to the old boat. It was like a home, like a club house where dwelt jolly mariners, choice spirits, men nobler and finer than the riff raff who streamed forever across the bridges.

The men of the river, tug boat captains, and goodly salts, who loved a glass or a rousing song, sometimes made fast, and clambered aboard.

Sunday was the Day of days. Every Sunday morning at ten o'clock John Bishop with a few old cronies beloved of the years, true as steel to comrades of olden time and plain ways, came to the slip where lay "The Last Hope." With loud huzzas the sleeping crew was waked. A wagon, laden with refreshments, now presently appeared, and drove on to "The Last Hope," taking the trip to add verisimilitude to the occasion. The aged gentlemen sometimes in glee, mindful of boyhood days, were wont to chase one another around the team. Mr. Bishop himself once sadly barked his shin, so. But, Ah! the zest of the sport, when canes were laid aside, and every man was a boy again . . .

One glorious Indian Summer Sunday when the sunshine filtered down in chastened bars of light between the girders of the myriad bridges, "The Last Hope" was the scene of tremendous activity. John Bishop, his white side whiskers fluttering in the balmy breeze and his cane marking time as he trod the planking of the ferry slip, had arrived and roused his crew at nine-thirty. Promptly at ten, a troop of aged gentlemen, all members of the Society of Old Brooklynites arrived, and boarded "The Last Hope." Mr. Bishop greeted them with tears of joy in his kindly old eyes. Evidently, Mr. Bishop was a bit anxious; he awaited the coming of the express wagon bearing provisions, with some impatience; it was late. At eleven, however, it appeared, and was in charge of two ancient drivers. It was very heavily laden, being fairly stacked with boxes, barrels and mysterious hampers. The mouth of a jug protruded from a basket under the seat, and a certain old gentleman named Burkamp—Phineas Burkamp—who had been a good deal of a devil in his day, was observed to smack his lips.

It was eleven-thirty when "The Last Hope" moved lazily, yet majestically away from its slip.

She was bound for the Indian Ocean.

And there they dream and drift.

Fred. Ladd.

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FROM THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

Editor of "Puck":—

High up in your "Political Gallery" you should put the enclosed portrait of Tom L. Johnson, the greatest Commoner this country has known, loved by every man, woman and child who knows him. Look him up thoroughly, you will agree that he is heart and soul a friend of all mankind.

Yours sincerely,
C. Schweitzer.

DEMAGOGUE!!

If a railroad president received \$100,000 a year he has to work fifty years to earn \$5,000,000; but if he is allowed to juggle the stock of the road he can make more in a few months time on the side than he can in a lifetime by honest attention to the management of the road.—W. J. Bryan.

If the constable who came near putting the Earl of Yarmouth in jail the day of the wedding had but carried out his intentions much trouble would have been avoided.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
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"The World's Best Table Water"

Funniest Book of the Year, "Richard's Poor Almanack," bound and illustrated, sent for 10c. Address WHITE ROCK, Flatiron Building, N. Y.



ABOVE THE DOOR.

MULDOON, THE COACHMAN (to the new chauffeur).—Ye domned ignorant frog-ater! Is *that* the way yez spell kerridge?

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

THE OLD WHIFFLETREE.

Long years have passed away and gone forever
Since Mame and I, when we were young and free,
Sat 'tween the shafts of Farmer Hayseed's dump cart
And swung upon the dear old whiffletree.
The bees were humming gently in the clover,
The lowing kine browsed softly on the lawn,
And there we sat and heard the robins carol
Until the midnight bells foretold the dawn.

CHORUS.

When the silv'ry moon shone brightly down at night when day was over,
On the fields of old New Oldfield far away,
It was then that Mame and I'd
Steal away, both side by side,
And swing upon the dear old whiffletree.

One night I held her hand while she held my hand
And gently speaking to her I did say:
"If you will be my wife we will be married;"
And speaking back to me she answered: "Nay.
My father's lost his job down at the gashouse,
And mother's working hard to pay the rent,
We couldn't take another mouth to feed at present."
And sadly parting then away I went.

CHORUS.

When the silv'ry moon shone brightly down at night when day was over,
On the fields of old New Oldfield far away,
It was then that Mame and I'd
Steal away, both side by side,
And swing upon the dear old whiffletree.—Clover.

A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

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Bar Keeper's Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

First-class Hotels and Clubs, on Wheels—The Through Trains of the New York Central Lines

JOHN JAMESON
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WHISKEY
When you ask for the best you should get Jameson's
JAMESON & CO.

JUSTICE IN JERSEY.

William Watson, a piano polisher out of a job, surrendered himself to the Hoboken police yesterday as a common vagrant. When he was arraigned before Recorder John J. McGovern he said: "I have made an honest effort to get work, but without success. I am without money and friends, and would be grateful to you if you would send me to jail for the winter."

"You look like a decent young fellow," said the Court, "and I haven't the heart to send you away when you have committed no crime. I'd much rather find you a job. Officer, take him back until court is over and we'll see if we can't get him something to do."

Later in the day the Recorder found a place for the man in a piano house and Watson left police headquarters with a new look in his eyes.—*The Sun*.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"My friend, do you ever give any thought to the future?" asked the solemn-looking man with the white necktie to the passenger next to him in the railway car.

"Well, I should rather say I did!" replied the man addressed; "I bought an automobile last month, on the installment plan, and I have payments due each month for the next year." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Evans' Ale

ALL Ale advertising advertises EVANS' ALE. As ale drinking grows upon the people Evans' Ale grows in demand. Simply cause and effect—the best is good enough.

Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers.

AN INADEQUATE ATTEMPT.

"You say your city once tried prohibition?"

"Yes."

"What was the result?"

"It surprised everybody to find out what a number of aliases there was for 'whiskey.'" — *Washington Star*.

It cannot be denied that a number of articles of diet would be more enjoyable without the pure food label. — *Washington Star*.



CRAFTY BOY.

REUBEN.—Say, we'll fall in here if we don't look out.

HIRAM.—Shucks! There ain't no danger. Si Higbee stuck that sign there so's he could keep some nice smooth ice all fer himself.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. Recommended by physicians. All druggists.

"ON EVERY TONGUE"



I. W. Harper Rye

Most Popular Because It's the Best

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

WAIT FOR FREE TRADE.

Dear Puck:—

Is it true that one may still purchase a wife in Virginia with tobacco? Would Philippine tobacco be acceptable? Could I bring it home to the U. S. duty free?

Sincerely yours, *An Exile.*

VERY IMPRESSIVE.

"Ah," said the foreigner, "it is very impressive to think that any one of those boys playing out there in the street may one day be called to the presidency of your great and glorious country."

"Yes, any of 'em may be called," replied the native; "but you can bet your life mighty few of 'em are likely to be chosen." — *Chic. Record-Herald*.

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SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers. — *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin*.

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

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THE COW THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

To the Editor of the "Express."

Sir:—I saw a statement that a Milwaukee cow gave fourteen tons of milk during the last year. I should like to know where this brand of cow can be obtained. An exceptionally good English cow would not give more than four tons.

SOMERSET FARMER.

—London Express.

CURRENCY REFORM.

The Aldrich bill would work mainly to the benefit of Wall Street gamblers. It proposes that national banks may deposit certain securities with the Treasury and issue in bank notes 75 per cent. of the market value of the collateral, in total amount up to \$250,000,000, on payment of a monthly tax of one-half of 1 per cent.

No commercial bank which discounts the notes of merchants and manufacturers, and whose collateral is bills of lading of goods in transit and storage receipts, for cotton, wheat, butter and other commodities, can avail itself of this provision. Only Wall Street call loans will be furthered.

Under this plan Edward H. Harriman, who tried to unload Chicago and Alton bonds on the savings banks of this State, could find a depository for them in the Treasury. Wall Street promoters need only print bonds, lobby at Albany to get them on the list of securities permitted to savings banks, make a "market price" by wash sales, secure permission to deposit them in Washington and issue in "money" 75 per cent. of their artificial value. What a relief to gamblers who have paid as high as 200 per cent. interest to issue their own money for one-half of 1 per cent. a month!—*N. Y. World.*

DEMONSTRATED.

Returning to Japan the spy reported that America was preparing for war.

"Your proof," demanded the Elder Statesmen.

"I have evidence," resumed the spy, "that the yellow journals have laid in enough red ink for a long and desperate campaign."

Apprehension in their eyes, the Elder Statesmen sat in silence.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette," is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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A FREE ART SUGGESTION.

When the President recommends free printing paper to Congress, would it not be most opportune for him to include free art in the same message? It may be argued that both are necessary to the proper educational development of the country. They, therefore, stand on the same ground, and might very consistently be taken up in advance of a general revision of the tariff.

Both of these duties are taxes on education and operate to suppress the distribution of ideas and the diffusion of knowledge.

Both are survivals of an antiquated period, when the increase of intelligence was considered a menace to the State.

No sane democracy should permit laws based upon such a discredited theory to remain on its statute books for a moment longer than is necessary.

It would be even easier to take up the art schedule in advance of the general revision than the printing paper schedule, because the art schedule is more completely isolated from the other schedules of the tariff law. It is in no way complicated by the question of protection to the American manufacturer or wage-earner and raises educational questions only.

Inasmuch as both parties are agreed that the duty on art must go with the next general revision, is there any good reason why a special free art bill should not be passed at once by means of an understanding between the leaders that no amendments affecting other schedules shall be offered? The free printing paper bill might be considered in the same way.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



A DISQUIETING ANSWER.

HENRY HACKENSACK (*leading the way*).—It is delightful here in the Spring; you'll like it, I'm sure.

THE LATEST ONE (*looking it over*).—Indade? I'll come out some time in May an' visit yez

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

And yet the word—
 I'm not the same—
 I've sold my pittance for a
 And everything's turned black
 My motor car went yesterday—
 I dreamed, and then awoke.
 They stripped me— took my fleece away—
 The jig is up— I'm broke!
 Now, don't reproach me— Not a word!
 I couldn't stand *that*, dear.
 It's all so strange—it seems absurd.
 I'm broke! Say, do you hear?
 Yes, broke! Why should the world be
 turned
 With that one word. I vow
 Into my heart its meaning's burned—
 We can't get married now!
 That's brutal, isn't it? Dear me—
 I've lost all sense or tact.
 Married! Great Scott! How can we be
 On *nothing*? (That's a fact!)
 A cold hard fact—I cried for "more".
 Copper's the thing I bought.
 I loaded up at ninety-four—
 (A "clinch," 'as what I thought).
 Well, dear, it's over with. Good-bye!
 I've lost, she throw. The knell
 Of all my hopes has sounded.
 Old only say—Farewell!

HER REPLY.

Dear Jack:—
You're broke? No wonder, dear.
But I'm not going to scold.
Don't worry. All your money's here.
The day you bought—I sold.

Thomas L. Marston.

THE PUCK PRESS